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THE BAND OF BALDY SOUR:

ITS ORGANIZATION AND DISSOLUTION.

By E. N. R.

NEW YORK:
PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
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The incident related in the following poem actually occurred at a gentleman's country residence on one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River; and it, together with the name "Baldy Sour" (the real name of the leader of the band), appeared so novel and ludicrous, as to cause, in an idle hour, this inspiration.

I.

HE story that I now relate,
Did not, I swear, originate
In any brain or fancy bold,
But is the simple truth, as told.

II.

Once in a calm and quiet hour,
A plan was formed by Baldy Sour,
To make by his unaided hand,
An A1, tip-top music band.

"A PLAN WAS FORMED BY BALDY SOUR,
TO MAKE BY HIS UNAIDED HAND,
AN A1 TIP-TOP MUSIC BAND."

III.

And soon a band he thus had formed,
Each member gaily uniformed,
As leader, he, most richly clad,
The girls' heads turned, the boys made mad.

IV.

But, Oh! they were a motley crew,
From four feet six to six feet two,
And making it more motley still,
Each ranged himself to his own will.

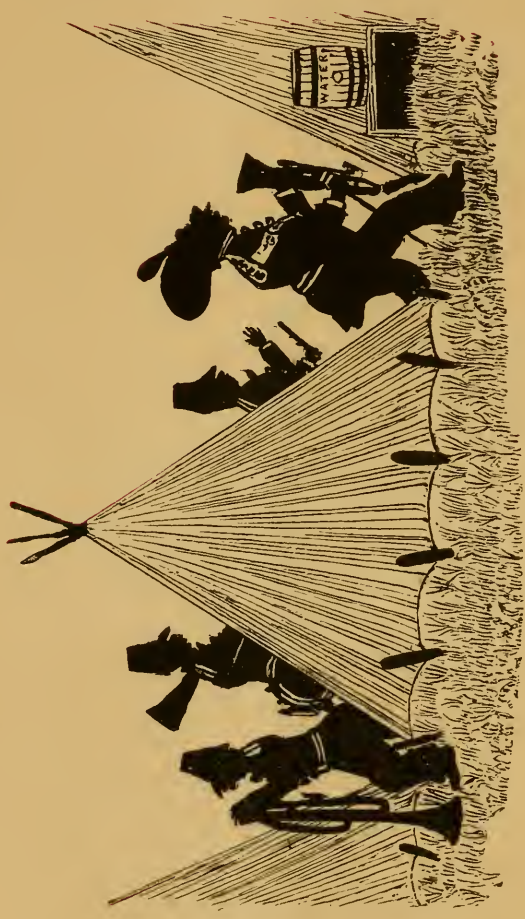
"BUT, OH! THEY WERE A MOTLEY CREW,
FROM FOUR FEET SIX TO SIX FEET TWO."

V.

His first engagement he did make,
With camp-ground people near the Lake;
To play for them both night and day,
In quite a solemn sort of way.

VI.

Now Baldy Sour was very fond
Of whiskey (he could drain a pond),
And every member of his crew
Was just as fond of whiskey too.



"ONE NIGHT HE DID THE CAMP FORSAKE,
TO GO AND GIVE A SERENADE."

VII.

That he an honest drink might make,
One night he did the camp forsake,
To go and give a serenade
In hope of getting lemonade. (?)

VIII.

Some wine might there be thrown in, too,
As well they knew their host would do;
So, all embarked with full intent,
A gala night thus to be spent.

"IT WAS THEIR MAIDEN SERENADE."

IX.

Though 'twas their maiden serenade,
Quite charmingly this brave band played,
And each one vied with lungs so strong,
The lengthened discord to prolong.

X.

The host at once cigars out-forked,
And quickly, too, champagne uncorked,
Good ale and rum he also brought,
And each one had that which he sought.

"AND ONE AND ALL WERE SOON AFLOAT."

"A CARELESS ONE UNSHIPPED AN OAR."

XI.

They smoked and drank, and fed and swilled,
To running over they were filled;
And each one thought, with drunken glee,
The others full as full could be.

XII.

But now their serenade was o'er,
For each one swore he'd play no more;
So Baldy gave the word to start,
And each prepared home to depart.

"AND IN A TRICE THE BOAT UPSET,
LEAVING THE BAND ALL IN THE WET."

XIII.

They clambered in their hired rowboat,
And one and all were soon afloat.
"To reach our camp a trick will be
For such a jolly set as we."

XIV.

But ere they reached the camp-ground shore,
A careless one unshipped an oar,
And in a trice the boat upset,
Leaving the band all in the wet.

"A MAN THEN STANDING ON THE BEACH,
TO BALDY FORTH HIS HAND DID REACH."

XV.

Brave Baldy was the first ashore,
Covered with weeds and spattered o'er
With mud and slime so thick that none
Could see, fish, man or beast—not one.

XVI.

A man then standing on the beach,
To Baldy forth his hand did reach,
And stood him panting on his feet,
His eyes on fire with fever heat.

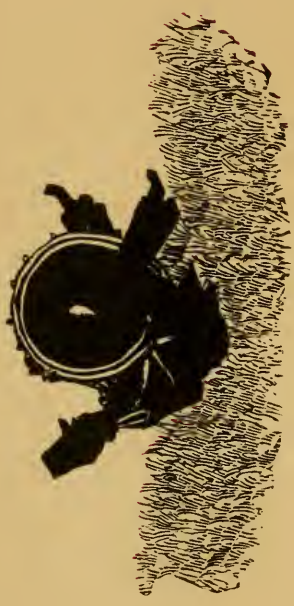
"THE STRANGER FROM THE GROUND AROSE,
AND PLANTED ONE ON BALDY'S NOSE."

XVII.

Regardless of the service done,
He felled him with his brass trombone.
The stranger from the ground arose,
And planted one on Baldy's nose.

XVIII.

Seeing their leader thus outraged,
War by the band at once was waged
Against the stranger who'd crushed flat,
Old Baldy's nose, like an opera hat.



"HE FOUND HIMSELF HORS DE COMBAT BACK TO GROUND."

XIX.

Rum's fury, blind, as oft you see,
Made of each form an enemy;
And 'gainst each other, horns were slashed,
Till eyes were closed, and heads were smashed.

XX.

The snare-drum found its fate at last.
In it its owner, pinioned fast,
Struggled so hard that soon he found
Him *hors de combat* back to ground.

"AND THERE SO LOUDLY DID HE GROAN,
THEY BROKE THE DRUM-SHELL WITH A STONE."

XXI.

And there so loudly did he groan,
They broke the drum-shell with a stone.
To pull it off could not be done,
And trying, from him loud shrieks rung.

XXII.

A sorry sight it was to see,
A band so lately full of glee,
Muddy and dirty, sore and bruised,
And by each other so badly used.

"THE BAND BROKE UP AND EACH MADE OFF."

XXIII.

The band broke up and each made off,
With muttered curses and such scoff,
And Baldy Sour was left alone,
As faintly died each separate moan.

XXIV.

There, leaning 'gainst a rotten stump,
Blackened and bruised with many a lump,
Old Baldy Sour was heard to say:
"I'm ruined, I'm broke, alack-a-day."
Then to the stump, though *dos-a-dos*—
"How in *hell* could *you* serve me so?"

"I'M RUINED, I'M BROKE!"

XXV.

I need not now to you relate,
No more that band played from that date.
If Baldy Sour you chance to meet,
You'll never find him Baldy Sweet.

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